Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, and others.

Lew. Welcome *Q. Margaret* to the Court of *Fraunce*,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and here I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue ayde to repoſſeſſe thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vſurped ſeate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,
And pray the God of heauen, to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of *Fraunce*, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* chiefeſt friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy *Edward* King of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfaigned loue,
Firſt to do greetinges to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And laſtly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To *Englands* King in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes hart:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaſt thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere *Warwicke* or his wordes,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wronges.

War.

War. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henrie* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then ſhe is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, wiſe *Henrie* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the worlde.
And after this wiſe Prince, *Henrie* the fift;
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *Fraunce*:
From theſe, our *Henries* lineally diſcent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You tolde not how *Henrie* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henrie* the fift had gotten?
Methinkes theſe peeres of *Fraunce* ſhould ſmile at that:
But for the reſt, you tell a pettigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres a ſillie time,
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canſt thou denie thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pettigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henrie*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whom mine elder brother
The Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death:
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeeres,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke* no, whilſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholdes the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
War. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
K. Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe to forbeare a while,
Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honour tell me true,
Is *Edward* lawfull King or no?
For I were loth to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War.